

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

Price \$1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.

Ad. rates—1c per word, 25c per inch (about 30 words), Quarter page \$1.00,

Half page \$1.75, Full page \$3.00. Display adverts.. 50c per inch.

Four consecutive insertions for the price of three.

Vol. 10

August 1942

No. 119

SAN FRANCISCO IN

DIME NOVEL DAYS

By G. H. Cordier

San Francisco in the early "seventies" was a most picturesque and vividly interesting city.

It was only a little over twenty years since the great rush after the discovery of gold, and the spirit of Forty-Nine still lingered.

Great writers, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and many others of lesser note, had spread a great halo of romance; and through its streets had passed the adventures, the daring, and the romantic from all the world on their way to the Golden Land.

The world in those days was, in a sense, a much larger world than today, now that constant exploration, and the radio have narrowed its limits. There yet remained far lands to discover; slave caravans still traversed the deserts of Africa; the Indian and the buffalo yet roamed the western prairies; and the English cruisers pursued the **dhow**s of the Arab slavers along the coast of the Dark Continent; while the Malay pirates in their swift **prahus** swept the waters of the Eastern seas.

In connection with these latter, a friend of the writer's family, a sea captain, commanding one of the clipper ships of the period, invited us to visit his vessel.

During our visit the captain described to us a fight he had with the Malay searobbers while sailing through the Malacca Strait; and showed us the marks of the conflict on the hull and rigging of his vessel. He had

been attacked by these large **prahus** crowded with men, and the pirates had only been beaten off after a desperate conflict in which one of the pirate crafts had been sunk; and the other two badly damaged in hull and rigging, in addition to the loss of many men.

I was a very little boy at the time, but I can recall perfectly how eagerly I listened to the graphic account of our friend as he gave us the particulars of the battle, and narrated how the three **prahus** had closed in on his ship; and the fierce Malays with their murderous **kreeses** grasped in their hands had endeavored to board his vessel; and how the crew had driven them back with pistol and cutlas; and at last won the day.

I can remember distinctly, after the captain had told us the story, with what great enthusiasm I patted the breach of the big iron Long Tom mounted in the fore castle whose solid shot and rounds of grape and canister, had done more than anything else to gain the victory; and how the captain, greatly amused, had lifted me in his arms, and laughingly asked me how I would like to sail with him on his next voyage and help fight the pirates.

Those were the days of real adventure.

It was along Market street, the great artery of San Francisco, that the picturesque, and romantic characteristics of the time were best to be observed. There was more diversity of costume in those days than at the present time, as many countrys still clung to their native dress; and I have seen representatives of all

lished before and it at once leapt into favor, and for many long years was the champion paper for boys in all the countries of the English speaking nations. The series in Number One were "Alone in the Pirates Lair," "Who Shall Be Leader," and "Chevy Chase." In the course of its long career the magazine published hundreds of enticing stories read by a host of readers, who enjoyed the endless variety of tales of all descriptions that became great favorites of the youth of the period. The climax was however reached when in August 19, 1871, the celebrated story "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays" by Bracebridge Hemyng commenced. It simply took the reading public by storm, and the circulation of "The Boys Of England" became phenomenal. The writer ventures to assert that "Jack Harkaway" has had more readers and admirers than any other boys tale ever written. And its popularity has stood the test of time, and it is still read by old-timers to the present day. "The Boys Of England" ran to 66 volumes. The last number was 1702 and the date was June 30, 1899. The stories running in the last number were continued in No. 1 "Up To Date Boys." Among the hundreds of stories that made their appearance in the pages of the journal were all the original Harkaway stories, "Tom Flormals School Days," Bob Blunt the Traveller, Hanky Panky, The Captain of the Gold Mine, With the King of the Cannibal Islands, Ralph Wild Hawk, Pantomine Joe and many others too numerous to mention. The companion periodical to the "Boys of England" was "Young Men of Great Britain" first published Jan. 28, 1868. This fine old periodical lasted till July 1, 1889 when it was merged into "The Boys Of the Empire," and thus ended this splendid old journal, the delight of the youth of its day. Among the hundreds of stories and romances that thrilled its vast army of readers we give the following titles taken from the long list of the many it published.

The Night Guard, The Planter Pirate, Satans Tree, By The Queen's Command, The Headsman of O'd London Bridge, On March 25, 1872, Vol. 9—219, appeared The Scrapegrace of the School, the first of the Dick Light-heart series by Bracebridge Hemyng, and the series became almost as pop-

ular as was the Jack Harkaway stories. We give a few more of the titles of stories published in "The Young Men of Great Britain": The Kings Scholar, Jack O'Lantern, Madcap Tom, The Boy Monte Christo, Out With Captain Cook, Luckless Bob, Three Dashing Hussars, Falconbrdge, then followed by the Ned Nimble series, Ned Nimble's Schooldays, Ned Nimble Among the Indians, Ned Nimble Among the Mormons, Ned Nimble Among the Pirates, Ned Nimble Among the Chinese, Ned Nimble Among the Bushrangers. This series was succeeded by the following named stories: Bob Briefless, Schooldays of Old Westminster, Sir Rufas the Rover, The Six Swordsman, The Wolf of the Sea, The Pirates of the Iron Hand, Lion Jack, Eagle Sam, and hundreds of others. The Boys of England, and The Young Men of Great Britain lead next in line of the E. J. Brett publications. The Boys of the World, and The Boys Favorite. These were not as popular as the Boys of England, and Young Men of Great Britain and had a short existence. The next of the E. J. Brett publications was our Boys Journal, and very popular. It was similar in character to Boys of England, and Young Men of Great Britain, and many of the stories that originally appeared in those two journals were republished in its pages. We give a few of the titles of the many tales and romances that took their source in the four volumes in the writers collection. Bluecoat Boy of London, Sea Gipsies, The Crimson Trail, The Boy Pard, Wolf of the Mines, R. X. or The Secret of the Treasure Island, Young Jack Harkaway at School in America, the Isle of Palms, the Scrapegrace of the School, the Two Plagues of the Village, Sea Waif, Captain Firebrand. Two more of the E. J. Brett publications were, The Boys Sunday Reader and Boys Weekly Reader, but they both had but very brief existences. But the next one was a different story, The Boys Comic Journal was first published March 17, 1883 and at once took hold of the boys of the period. It was a fine journal from first to last. It ran to 716 numbers, 28 volumes and ended November 28, 1896. We give the title of some of its many stories. Timothy Tinpot, Silley Billey, The Hope of the Family, Mysterious Tom, Black

the space to tell some of the stories I have heard of the 'Yanks' and the 'Johnney Robs' and the thrilling days of the "War". My father, a young Frenchman just out from France, and residing in New Orleans, was conscripted into the Confederate army, and helped serve a gun in Fort Jackson—one of the forts guarding New Orleans—when Farragut forced the batteries on his way up the Mississippi to the capture of the Crescent City. An uncle of mine by marriage, my aunt's husband, had served when a very young man in the old navy of the days of wooden ships, and muzzle loading cannon, of the old frigates and sloops of war; and many of the old time sailor "chanties" he used to sing to me of the days of Decatur, and Farragut, of Hull and Foster, of the wars of Tripoli and Mexico; and of the time when our little navy proved to be the equal to that of England in the War of 1812. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he enlisted in the cavalry; rose to be a Captain; and was appointed an aid-de-camp on General Custer's staff. Of the heroism of the gallant "Yellow Hair"—as Custer was called by the Indians—and his dashing troopers, he had many a tale to tell. He had himself witnessed the thrilling incident celebrated in Miller's famous poem "Battle Flag at Shenandoah" in which the battle flag was saved from the enemy; and had seen Custer embrace the heroic boy who had saved the flag only to fall dead immediately afterwards.

"And Custer sits with impatient will
His steed upon "mid" his troopers still,
And watched with glass from the
oak set hill,

That summer Sunday morning.
And there was the Blue;
And there was the Gray;
And a wide green valley
Stretched away, between where
The battling armies lay,
That summer Sunday morning."
"But, soft! Not a word has
The pale boy said;
He unwinds the flag. It
Is starred, striped, red
With h's hearts best blood;
And he falls down dead
In God's still Sunday morning."

Included in our circle of friends was a English gentleman, the younger son of a titled family, who had been an

officer in the English Army, and had served in India during the terrible days of the Sepoy Mutiny. He had been at Lucknow and Cawnpore; and at the siege of Delhi; and graphic indeed were his descriptions of what he had witnessed of those trying times. Thrilling were the stories I heard from him of battle, and siege, and captured Rajahs; and loot and buried treasure; when the English soldiers sacked the camps and palaces of India at the suppression of the Great Mutiny.

But it was the old Pioneers, the Argonauts, the Forty-Niners, I loved the most to hear. We numbered several among our many friends; and often have I listened in absorbed wonder to the details of their adventures in coming around Cape Horn in the old time sailing ships; or crossing the Isthmus before the days of the railroad; and above all, the narratives of those who had traversed the prairies, and had met storm, and flood, and hostile Indians, in the great gold rush that ushered in the Days of Forty Nine.

Many a time both at our house, and at the gatherings we attended, have I heard the old pioneers sing the lines of the famous song, two of the verses of which I give here—

The Days of Forty Nine

"There was Yuba Bill a roarer he,
A roarer he was you bet.
He'd roar all day; he'd roar all night;
And perhaps he's a roaring yet.
One night he fell in prospect hole,
A roaring bad design;
For in that hole he roared
Out his soul—

In the Days of Forty Nine."

Chorus—

"The days of old, the days of gold;
The days of "Auld Lang Syne"
The days of old,
The days of gold—
The Days of Forty Nine."

"There was New York Jake,
The butcher's boy, who was
Fond of getting tight;
Whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was just spoiling for a fight.
One night he ran against
A knife in the hand
Of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we held a wake—
In the Days of Forty Nine."

It rings in my ears even as I write,
after all these long years, the rous-

profusely illustrated. They were published in three different "Libraries." "The Hogarth House Penny Library," "The Gem Library" and the "Triumph Penny Library." Thinking that it may prove of interest to the Brotherhood I will give a selection of titles from all three libraries. First—"The Hogarth House Penny Library": Wild Hunters, Pirates Prize, Phantom Cutter, Paleface Brave, White Serpent, Eagle Plums, The Forest King, The Corsars Nest, Demon Alligator, The Wrecker Chief, Lost in the London Sewers, The Maids Revenge, Self-Doomed to Death, Entombed Alive, Skinned Alive, The Kings Favorite, Beautiful Slave, Pirates Revenge, Red Tower, Foraldi the Accursed, The Masked Demon, Long Knife, The Owl's Warning. "Hogarth House Gem Library": The Vault of Death, Chang-Ti, A Bitter Secret, The Forged Will, From a Dead Mans Lips, The Cold Blood, The Empty Coffin, Redbeard, Detective Dick. "Hogarth House Triumph Penny Library": The Old Serpent, The Red Avenger, The Rebel Spy, Lon the Shark Slayer, A Dead Mans Vengeance, Coon Tail Bob, The Vulture of the Shawnees, The Stolen Heir, The Red Brotherhood, The Bandit Queen, The Crimson Corsar, The Torture Tree. The stories published in these "libraries" had a quaint originality all their own, and were extensively copied in American boys papers mainly in the Tousey and the Leslies publications. "The Boys of New York," and "Frank Leslies Boys And Girls Weekly." And in Touseys "Wide Awake Library."

I will now give an account of what, was strictly speaking, not an exclusively boys paper, but was read by both old and young, and all classes. This was the immensely popular magazine "Bow Bells" and all the John A. Dicks publications. The firm published besides "Bow Bells," "Dirks English Novels," and "Dicks Standard Plays." These last were highly interesting, and were over a 1000 in number. They were in pamphlet form, small paper bound books with yellow cover, and an illustration on the front outside cover. The illustration was one of the old style wood cuts depicting some act of the drama within. "Dicks English Novels," consisted mostly of stories that were first published in "Bow Bells" and reprinted in the "Novels."

But there was also included novels by famous authors, and old English classics, like The White Lady, The Shadow Hand, Zanoni, Lelila, Monte Christo, The Scarlet Letter, Richelieu, Jack Shepard, Windsor Castle, The Devil on Two Sticks, Rookwood, Tom and Jerry, Peter Wilkins, Fantastic Tales, Melmoth, The Wanderer and many others. Dick also published History and Legends of Old Castles and Abbeys and other miscellaneous works. But above all he published the novels of the celebrated author G. W. M. Reynolds who wrote The Mysteries of The Court of London and over a score of other works which had an immense vogue in those times and are read to the present day. The Mysteries of The Court of London was issued in four different series each complete in itself. The first series was, first, "Mystries of the Court of London." Second, "Rose Foster," third "Caroline Walters," fourth "Pauline Clarendon." The Second Series was, first, "The Lady of Many Loves, Venetia Trelamonies." Two, "Louisia Stanley," three, "The Drama of a Night," four, "The Secrets of a Picture Gallery." The Third Series, first, "Lady Saxondale," two, "Lady Bess," three, "Lady Castlemaine," four, "Lady Floura." Fourth Series, first, "The Duke of Marchmont," two, "The Windo Princess," three, "Lord Meredith," four, "Lord Clanden." All the volumes of the Court of London Series are highly interesting, and as they are somewhat exotic they were considered, in the writers time, as being particularly wicked, and were strictly forbidden to be read by youthful readers. The writer, who is a man advanced in years, can well remember how in his boyhood days he, with one of the interdited volumes would make his way to the attic of his home and there enjoy the forbidden delights of some volume of "The Mysteries of The Court of London." The writer is amused, and laughs to himself, when he contrasts what goes on today, and what was considered the height of wickedness in his youth days. Reynolds also wrote "The Mysteries of London" and the following novels all of them of a most dramatic and engrossing character: Rosa Lambert, Robert Macarie or the French Bandit in England, Joseph Wilmot or the Memoirs of a Man-Servant, Mary

one, but we had our cadet company just the same as the large public schools. Our uniform was a dashing one, being patterned after the uniform of the famous Zouave regiments of the French army. These particular troops had made a great name for themselves by reason of their dash and valor; and were greatly admired in our country, several regiments modeled after them being in the Union Army at the time of the Civil War. I can never forget how my mother laughed when I first appeared before her dressed in my new uniform, the short collarless jacket and vest of blue with braid on front and sleeves, the wide blue sash, and the red baggy trousers and red cap, very much like the costume worn by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of the present day. It is needless to say that I was intensely proud of my uniform and never missed an opportunity of wearing it.

Private military companies were quite the rage at the time, and the following song was a hit at these holiday warriors—

The Mulligan Guard

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! We are
Marching down Broadway.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Way
Down to Avenue A.

The drums and fifes how

Sweetly they did play

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

The Mulligan Guard."

The song became enormously popular and was whistled and sung everywhere. We have mentioned the popularity of the Nigger Minstrel shows, and now we will have something to say about the old time melodramas, that circled and surpassed them in the affections of the theatre going public. The old melodrama is a thing of the past. They don't write such plays any more, and if they did they would not be understood or appreciated in these modern movie picture times. But I doubt if they get today the thrill of the old time melodrama. What plays those old one were! I shall never forget the first melodrama I ever saw. It was "The World." In the play a full-rigged ship blew up in the Arctic waters, and the hero and the villain were left to fight it out on the raft in the icy sea. I lived over that scene for many weeks after, something that no movie picture has ever succeeded in doing. The movie

is soon forgotten, but the old time melodrama lived in the memory for long years afterwards. How we loved the old dramas, there is nothing now that can take their place. "Monte Christo" with its "The World is Mine" and the fatal count, "One! Two! Three!" enunciated by the implacable avenger, as each criminal, the object of retributive justice, meets his well merited doom; "Under The Gas Light" where the victim is bound to the railroad track, and we tremble with suspense as we hear the roar of the coming train; while the heroine frantically smashes with an axe at the door of the locked room; and wins through just in time to cut the ropes; and drag the bound man to safety as the train goes thundering by; "Called Back," where the hero, kneeling by the side of his insensible sweetheart in the haunted house, sees the vision of her brother's murder by the villain and his two accomplices; the romantic and thrilling "Mazeppa" with the hero bound on the back of the wild horse of Tartary and driven forth to perish in the desert; but instead, is rescued by a tarter tribe; becomes their chief; and returns with an army to take full vengeance on his enemies; then there was the "Corsican Brothers" where the ghost of the murdered man appears to his twin brother; and calls on him for vengeance; and then "Lucretia Borgia" with its tense last scene where we see the hand of young nobles—all poisoned by the infamous Lucretia—led by the monks, singing the hymn for the dying, from the banquet hall to prepare for death; and the curtain is drawn aside and we see the row of coffins arranged against the wall, each inscribed with the name of its intended occupant; "East Lynne" with its heart throbs and its tears; the "Homestead" and its snow stormed heroine out in the cold, cruel night; "Rosedale" with its dramatic scene where the disguised detective in the gypsy camp, searching for the kidnapped child, sings the quaint old ballad—

"I met a policeman on

The Strand, I knew he

Had a chase on hand,

Luddy, fuddy, I foiluddy, I Oh!"

And we see the curtain at the door of the tent slowly draw aside; and the stolen child come forth, and run

ALSO: Bro. Neighbor's old gray mule, Ignace, laid down on his back on the front lawn, stuck up his legs and died. That was two weeks ago in hot weather. We are now being urged by neighbors to respectfully hint to Vic that it might be appropriate to shift Ignace to pastures new, as Ignace is very, very dead, in fact just as dead as the swelling indicates. While all flesh is as grass (mostly crab grass, it's true) Ignace seems to be plain skunk-cabbage.

WE HOLD a denial in the form of an affidavit that Bro. Jonas did NOT flatten out his grandmother with his wooden leg. He demands a retraction of this statement made by Bro. Maroske. Perfidious Paul! Can you not respect a confidence? And bye the bye, Paul has written the Editor of ROUND-UP, that he was writing for periodicals long before old Erastus Beadle ever heard of the beautiful Louise. My gosh, Paul! Do you wrap your whiskers around your neck?

THERE IS no truth that Bro. Craufurd has scratched-off. Ross is well, wholly alive, and always kicking, but has NO kick on the state of business, and reports that orders for home-made sausages are swamping his establishment. Can use a few retired members to stuff skin-casings. Rate, \$1.00 per day and use of hay-loft overnight.

ATTENTION: Bros. afflicted with worms are hereby notified that Bro. Shaeffer has purchased all rights to Crump's Worm Annihilator. Alan states that two drops on a lump of sugar kills 1000 worms, count 'em yourself. He also requests us to state that there is no truth to the rumor of his being a Cherokee Indian. Alan is under that tanned summer hide, that's all.

WHEN Bro. Couch sacrificed his whiskers he contracted pneumonia. Recovered, Bert again has some incipient fuzz under his nose as a starter. It will flower like all get-out if the former bunch is a criterion.

BROTHER SMELTZER has come to life, and announces that he now has 47 wrappers of Lydia Binkham's Vegetable Compound. Well Bob, if that is what has been ailing you, we can understand how you came to life. Great stuff, that.

WE MISSED our Bro. Burns on our last visit. It appears that Bill had a

slight argument over the ownership of a couple of hens that he had under his arm, and that this time the copper won out in the ensuing foot-race. Thus Bill is vacationing up Salt Creek for the Summer, whence come noarse threats to carry the case to the Supreme Court and that, by the beard of the Prophet and the whiskers of Sandy Claws, those were NOT hens. They were roosters. Bill adds that they serve good soup but that the coffee is rotten.

BRO. IRWIN, smiling sadly in ROUND-UP Hospital, is completing his 5000th snowball made of cotton. He was found on a hot day on Main St., strapping on a pair of ice-skates. The heat did it but Lacey is progressing nicely. This is not an unusual case, as witness Bro. Skinner who was found fishing over a hole in the ground that had a cracked piece of glass over it. He was fishing thru' the ice. Our Brother is again back at his job in Bro. Sahr's Glue Works, we are glad to say.

LATE NEWS: BRO. MILLER has offered his rhinopinkus hilarium to the Smithsonian provided he is given 50 gals. best bourbon to preserve the critter. Cleve explains the superiority of bourbon for embalming purposes, a technical point beyond our limited understanding. But it's the bourbon or no rhinopinkus hilarium. That's FLAT.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Mrs. Ellen M. Irvin, 1602 So. Comp-ton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. has two scrap books full of all kinds of interesting items, such as notable people, full account of Abe Lincoln's assassination April 15, 1865, the program of the play at Ford Theatre on April 14th, 1865, entitled "Our American Cousin," the death of President Garfield, also President McKinley, the Dred Scott case, death of Queen Victoria, etc., also a picture scrap book of all the above in pictures, and of the different Army and Navy officers, etc., any one interested in such a set of scrap-books, write Mrs. Irvin.

We have a new member in the fold, Glenn H. Henderson, Box 356, Lock Haven, Pa. He is H. H. Bro. No. 62 and invites correspondence. He's interested in the colored cover weekly novels.

manner in which they were advertised.

The Demon of the Desert. This book is one of the most exciting ever written. Terrible adventures crimson every page.

Prairie Pete or The Trapper's Avenger. Of all the tales of wild adventure in forest and prairie this is the most excellent.

Wild Bill, The Indian Slayer. Wild Bill is an inveterate hater of the Indians. Woe to the Redskins that cross his path.

The Death Trail. Vividly are these pages filled with the doing of the Regulators of Arkansas. Some of the incidents are fearfully terrific.

Gray-Eyed Luke. Every page of this thrilling book is full of incident.

Six Shooter Jim. This book will find readers as long as there exists a taste for the wild, the terrible and the sanguinary.

Captain Bob, The Mountain Devil. With his band of outlaws, Indians and cut-throats he makes raids on the outlying plantations.

Zaph Slaughter. A scout with the eye of a hawk and a heart of steel—with a wit keen as his scalping knife.

Tiger Head; or The Specter of the Swamp. Fearfully interesting. Wild hunters, wild beasts, and wilder savages run riot in its exciting pages.

The foregoing will convey some idea of the blood-dripping contents of some of the early Dime Novels. Small wonder if the parents of that long past day, when they found their youthful progeny indulging a love for this type of literature, promptly suppressed any further inclination in that direction, and considered the Dime Novel to be nothing less than an inspiration of the Evil One. The writer in giving the above long lists of titles of the hectic literature of a long past day, has judged others by himself; he, in common with many others, enjoys reading the titles of interesting books in lieu of having the books themselves; and hopes to be permitted to add to his lists by giving some account of the yellow-back sensation novels—Yellow-back Horrors as they were called at the time—which were then exceedingly popular and eagerly read.

Stories of pirates and highway-men held first place in the affections of novel readers of the past; followed

closely by the romantic, the wild, and the terrible.

Following are a number of titles of pirate stories very popular in those days—

The Bandit of the Ocean, The Black Cruiser, Captain Kyd, Blackfoot the Pirate, Gilderoy the Freebooter, Harry Harpoon, The Pirate's Daughter and Flying Arrow.

Next we give some titles of highway men stories.

Claude Duval, and a whole series of which he was the hero: **Jonathan Wild, Handsome Jack, Nightshade, Hohunslow Jack, Blueskin Turpin, and Black Bess.**

We close our lists with a few titles of the wild and romantic type.

The Bronze Statue, or, The Virgin's Kiss, Wagner The Wer-Wolf, Monks Revenge, The Haunted Castle, Antoine The Dwarf, The Mysterious Foundling, The Flower of the Forest, and The Bleeding Phantom.

Following are some lines I copied from a Yellow-back Horrors pirate story many years ago—

The Buccaneer's Ghost
Oh! I am the skeleton cold

Of a pirate bold
Of whom many a tale of terror
Is told.

Tales of terror that would make
You pale,
And cause your heart with
Horror to fail.

Tales of gain on the Spanish Main;
Tales of blood, of thunder of brain;
Of stabbing away the livelong day
Till you would think the Devil
Himself was to pay.

So I rattle my bones by the pale
Moonlight—

While the Vampire chuckles

To see the sight—Oh; Ho! Oh; Ho!
Oh; Ho!

Along with the old Dime Novel and the sensation novels I loved the old time story papers. At one time in my early boyhood days I had a very serious attack of sickness, and when I was recovering from my illness my mother used to sit by the side of my bed and read me stories from the old **New York Ledger**, and other story papers of the time. From that day to the present I have cherished a love for the **New York Ledger**. It was the premium story paper of that distant day, and counted its readers by the thousands. I can even recall the titles

I will design and send to any one of our members, two entirely different and attractive two letter monograms of their initials if they will send me 6 novels in good condition, no Wolffs. These will be neat, clean pencil drawings with the monogram at least 2 inches in diameter. If any one wanted a finished plate I would finish one up at cost to me, plus postage.

GEORGE S. BARTON
167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE — Just got in!

The Argosy, bd., good and fair. Nos. 313 to 338, 339 to 364, 391 to 416, 417 to 442, 443 to 455, 456 to 481, 482 to 507, 508 to 533, 534 to 559. \$2 per vol. or the lot for \$13.00.

Vol. 15, bd., broken binding nos. 524 to 590, \$2.50.

Loose nos. 313 to 316, 417 to 442, 443 to 455, 391 to 416, 365 to 390, 313 to 338 at 10c each.

Golden Argosy, Vol. 5, fair \$5

Coden Days, around 500 or more,—loose copies, fair, good and fine—the lot for \$15 or 10c each.

Bound vols. \$5 per vol. Vol. 2 up.

Circus Book "This Way to the Big Show" by Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman. Well illustrated—worth \$3. My price \$1.

Our Boys and Girls, per vol. \$2.00.

Everything sent postpaid & insured.

RALPH F. CUMMINGS
Fisherville, Mass.

WANTED

Young Jack Harkaway's School Days
Jack Harkaway at Harvard.

(published as serials in "Happy Days" around 1896-98)

Harkaway the Third.

(published in England in, I think, a paper called "Jack Harkaway's Journal" and later incorporated with the "Boys of the Empire")

The Naval Cadets.

The Slave Dealer's Revenge.

(published in "Boys of the Empire")
If you have any information on these, please let me know.

THOMAS W. FIGLEY
Glouster Pub. Schools, Glouster, Ohio

\$30 each is offered for a copy of W. F. Gray's Virginia to Texas, 1906, and Wooten's Comprehensive History of Texas, 2 vols. and \$25 offered for Mary Austin Halley's Texas History, and \$8 for A. A. Parker's Trip to the West.

Address:

Jesse A. Ziegler
Olive Hotel, Houston, Texas

\$5 offered for No. 30 of The Golden Library. Who has it.

Write:

E. T. Gossett, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

NEXT MONTH No Total Abstainer

19th Century Peep-Show

the greatest little magazine of its kind, for only \$1 per year. It packs with a real wallop. Some of the items that were in the August no. "Nick Carter in Print," "Wide Awake Nights," "Set type on Fireside Companion," "Brooklyn Cohen Steam Man Writer," "Illustrated Dime Novel Talks," "A Beadle Night with George H. Hess," "George N. Beck read nickel novels in 1870's," and so on, can't be beat. More to come.

Fred T. Singleton

2000 B, S. W. Red Road,
Coral Gables, Florida

WANTED — Historical Novel "The Headsman of Old London Bridge," published by Brett, London.

U. G. FIGLEY — Bryan, Ohio

19th Century Peep-Show

A monthly paper no sentimental collector can afford to miss. \$1 per year, 10c a copy, nickel novels not overlooked.

Fred T. Singleton

2000B SW Red Rd., Coral Gables, Fla.

Now's the time to buy Victory stamps, for God and Country, they are beautiful, and wonderful to use on your letters, packages or your collection. The stamps sell at 50 for 25c, or 100 for 50c, or 500 for \$2.

Get your victory stamps Now!

Valley Stamp Co.
Fisherville, Mass.

uniform with a Jap flag, no doubt as a mark of contempt, and his voice came faintly back to us with the information that he "must of et something." Anyhow, Bill looked like he was riding a skyrocket. The Jap flag twinkled out of sight and we too faded from the scene.

MAN, KNOW THYSELF: But how CAN you unless you read about yourself in ROUND-UP? And should you come to incidents of your career therein that stick you and by the time y-u figure them out you forget what you have been reading, you can start readin it all over again. **RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW.**

OUR DAILY DRUG STORE DRAMA: "Things is tur'ble, moans old man Bodey. As he weakly calls for lemon sody."

NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

Alan E. Shaeffer, member No. 101, says he looks forward to a quiet evening to devouring the latest Round-Up every month.

Having moved away from Evanston, Ill., Carl Jonas, a long time member of our Brotherhood of Novel Collectors, is now located at 6837 No. Tonty Ave., in Chicago, Ill.

Edwin Brooks, is now in the U. S. Army, so will be addressed hereafter as Private Edwin Brooks, 1528 So. Harding St., Chicago, Ill. (Free Lance Writer).

So Captain Mayne Reid had a magazine of his own! That's good to know. I have two issues of it, February and July, 1869, Nos. 2 and 7, of "Mayne Reid's Magazine, Onward" for the youth of America. No. 7, as follows, size 6x9 1/4 inches, 88 pages, besides 6 or 8 pages of advertisements, a few illustrations here and there throughout the magazine, mostly short stories, such as—"Its Sheridan—H oray, Aspiration, Elenora, The Original Eldorado, Gettsburg, Dagger Nell, A Calisthenic School, Turning the Tables, The Last Sister, The Nation's Defenders, Starlighted Midnight, My Irish Shooting Lodge, Which to Love, and so on. No authors names are given, so we wonder if Mr. Reid wrote and edited them. Published by Carleton, Publisher for Captain Mayne Reid, 497 Broadway, New

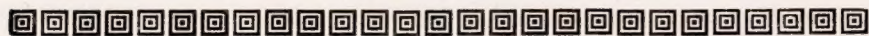
York. Some of the stories that appeared in No. 2 were the Yellow Chief, The Rangers Grave, Brother Against Brother, Peace and War, and other stories.

George Barton to the fore with some more very interesting data. He says one writer of the old time Romances in the old-style periodicals for boys in England whose name stands out above all others was Harcourt Burrage, the creator of Handsome Harry and Ching Ching the Chinaman. Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvedere was one of the widest circulated and read stories for boys ever penned. Starting as a serial in the "Boys Standard" in the early 1870's it was reprinted in penny numbers and shilling volumes until about 1899. Tousey swiped it and ran it in the Boys of New York, also a second time in Boys of New York and then continued in the Happy Days and then as a weekly Library, (called "Handsome Harry Weekly," which is very scarce and hard to get). Then it was issued again in Golden Hours. Out of all this American publishing of his story, the author received not a cent, not even the honor of having his name signed to it.

During the last years of his life, George Barton, corresponded with Mr. Burrage. He was very sore at Tousey and Murro for stealing this and others of his yarns. He had a good word for Street & Smith who had bought the American rights for "Troublesome Twins" which ran in "Boys of the World," and a couple which appeared in the "Midget Library."

He also credited another celebrated character "Dabber" (a wooden legged old sailor, a friend of Nelson Cato) who caused endless fun and amusement to readers of "Young Englishman." Dabber appeared in that mirth provoking story, "Tom Wildrake's School days," and the further Tom Wildrake yarns.

The story was commenced by George Emmett and was getting a little flat when Burrage took it in hand, for the ancient mariner "Dabber," makes his bow in chapter 26 and continues to the end, "chapter 323," possibly Emmett and Burrage collaborated, for there is a smack of a soldier's life interwoven in the story, and Emmett (who had been in the army) wrote many military tales.



Once More Fellers!

START YOUR COLLECTION RIGHT!
and
HAVE A COLLECTION that EVERY ONE WILL ENVY

Now we have for a start, A1 is a \$5 lot of novels
A2 a \$3 lot of novels and A3 is a \$2 lot of novels

You get your moneys worth in every package.

A package of mystery!

What's in the package, no one knows, only surprise for all, and you'll be back for more. Real old dime novels, old Libraries and colored covers that strike the bullseye.

IF NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY RETURNED

Give me a trial, and I'll give you joy.

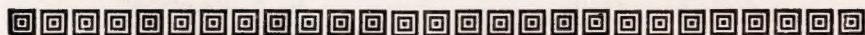
Everything sent postpaid.

Shall I hear from you? When? NOW!

P. J. MORAN

The West Coast Specialist

1951 E. 30th St., Oakland, Calif.



WANTED AT ALL TIMES

EARLY DIME NOVELS

EARLY AMERICAN FICTION

AMERICANA IN GENERAL

PROMPT PAYMENT ALWAYS

Edward Morrill & Son

144 Kingston Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Story Paper Collector

The Only Magazine on Bloods and Penny Dreadfuls of its kind, published in Canada.

What do you know about British Boys Journals, Blood, etc.?

Send in an article for the Next Issue.

Story Paper Collector sent free.

W. H. GANDER

Box 60, Transcona, Man., Canada.

TIP TOP WEEKLY

Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

I have the issues you want or I can get them. Improve your collection while it is still possible to obtain good specimens of the original Merriwell stories. If not interested in a deal at this time, write any way. I am always glad to correspond with a Tip Topper.

J. P. GUINON

P. O. Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.

Collector's Miscellany

The paper for anyone interested in old Boys' Books, Type Specimens, Juvenile Theatre, Chapbooks, Broad-sides, Street Ballads, Dying Speeches, and other printed ephemera.

Write,

J. A. BIRKBECK

52 Craigie Ave., Dundee, Scotland.

PORTRAITS OF NOTED WESTERN CHARACTERS

Members of the James Boys, Dalton Gang, and other bad men. Scouts, Frontiersmen, Stage Coach Drivers, Pony Express Riders, Miners, Gamblers—All real characters, many of whom were introduced in stories by Dime Novel writers.

Have many portraits of these authors together with western scenes. Send for descriptive catalog.

H. O. RAWSON

53 Channing St., Worcester, Mass.

HEY FELLER'S

DO YOU WANT TO START A COLLECTION?

DO YOU WANT TO ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION?

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, WHILE IT LASTS.

I am starting a Grab Bag. And I can safely promise you that you can't lose. If I advertised these bargains by series and numbers, I would receive a lot of replies ordering the different numbers and would have to send back a "sold" answer. So I am starting the Grab Bag.

I offer a nice assortment at \$5.00 a grab. Such as—Wild Wests, Pluck & Lucks, Beadles Dime and Half Dime Libraries, Brave & Bolds, New Medals, Old Sleuth Weeklies and Libraries, Fame & Fortunes, Work & Wins, Wide Awake Weeklies and Libraries, (no Harkaways or Light-hearts), Munro's Ten Cent Novels, Comic Libraries, Medals, (no Merriwells), etc., etc. More than your money's worth in each grab. You'll be surprised at what you'll get and want more. (A few small reprints will be added in each issue to make it more interesting). Come one, come all! Get the chance of a life time. All Novels in good condition.

Address—

P. J. MORAN

THE WEST COAST SPECIALIST

1951 E. 30th St.,

Oakland, California